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MACKINNON
&
THE
BARDS
J. MACTAGGART



Mr James Sunlok
with best good will
— from S. M. H.

January 1894



Balmoral
October 16 1892

Dear Sir

I have to thank you for
sending me a copy of your
book 'Bunratty' and the
additional Souvenir

I will take an opportunity
of showing the links to the
dukes.

Yours faithfully
Henry Robinson

John MacTaggart Esq

Mackinnon and the Bards



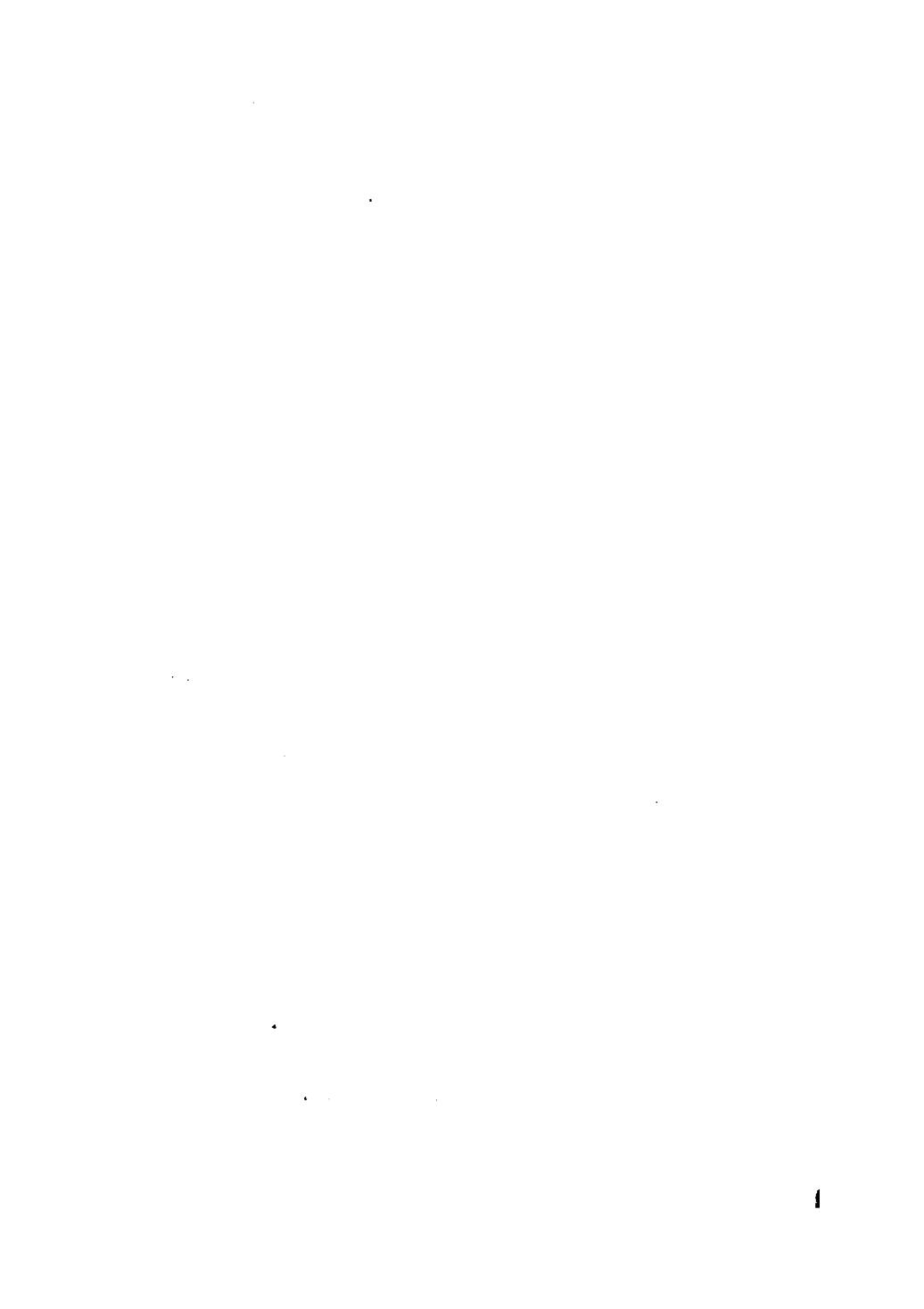




Figure 1. A high-contrast image of a dark, textured surface.

Mackinnon and the Bards

BY

JOHN MACTAGGART
AUTHOR OF "OUR LAND"



Edinburgh and London
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1899

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TO
James Macalister Bell, Esq.,
OF
Tangy and Killean,
LIFE-LONG DEAR FRIEND AND COMPANION IN
BENGAL AND KINTYRE
OF THE LATE
Sir William Mackinlay,
OF
Loup and Strathaird, Bart., C.I.E., D.L.,
CHAIRMAN OF THE BRITISH INDIA STEAM NAVIGATION
COMPANY LIMITED;
CHAIRMAN OF THE AUSTRALASIAN UNITED STEAM
NAVIGATION COMPANY LIMITED;
CHAIRMAN OF THE EMIN PASHA RELIEF EXPEDITION
COMMITTEE;
CHAIRMAN OF THE IMPERIAL BRITISH EAST AFRICA
COMPANY.



PREFACE.

A PREFACE to a book like this does not seem to me to be necessary. It is intended that the stanzas should speak for themselves.

A word, however, with reference to Sir Henry Ponsonby's letter at the beginning, and Lord Tennyson's note at the end, may be appropriate here. These are gratifying communications, and it gives me pleasure to include them with the "Greeting" to and a very beautiful portrait of the great Poet of

"Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind,"

in this my first publication since receiving them.

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J. M'T.

2 MELVILLE STREET,
EDINBURGH.



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Mackinnon and the Bards.

CANTO FIRST.

I.

THE poets of progressive peace
Have sung of days when strife shall cease,
When great goodwill in man to man
Shall near and far contention ban ;

2.

When growing knowledge shall impart
Light to the mind, warmth to the heart ;
And mutual friendliness shall bind
Together civilised mankind.

3.

Brave Britons, who have pass'd away,
Have nearer brought that glorious day ;
And Scots see in the brilliant group
Mackinnon of Strathaird and Loup.

I.

Among the many who admire
The northern and the southern shire,
With rugged, far-extending strand
That marks the Scotian fatherland ;
Where Ossian's heroes met and curb'd
The foes who peaceful life disturb'd,
And drove them from mainland and isle
Of Inverness-shire and Argyll ;
Among admirers of the brave
At home, and o'er the ocean wave,
Who forward where the Flag's unfurl'd
The greatest movements of the world ;—
Calædo to Scots singers said :
“ Let us extol the noble dead,
And tell a tale of recent days
In earnest, if in simple lays,
Of one of bravery and skill,
With a refin'd and forceful will ;
Whose loyalty to kith and kin,
And to his country and his Queen ;
To interests at home, abroad ;
To duty, charity, and God,
Hath rais'd him high among the Great,
And 'mong his friends affectionate.”

II.

Bard Friendo, fain to answer "Yes,"
Deem'd it but prudent to express
His alter'd views of tributes paid
In verse to heroes lowly laid.
For now, whene'er a great man dies,
Such is the Press's enterprise,
Choice running words at the command
Of writer of the ready hand
Are marshall'd speedily with skill,
And typ'd, and re-revis'd, until
A tribute's printed, as a rule
That's massive, just, and beautiful.
" Such was the graphic sketch I read
Of him, whose loss we mourn," he said.
" Appearing at the earliest time,
It far outshineth lingering rhyme.
I cannot then, Calædo, hope
That any one of us can cope
With those who vigorously write
The sketch that quickly sees the light.
And more—to make it quite complete,
This tender notice, brief and sweet,
Was added, when some months were o'er—
' His lady, also, is no more.' "

III.

Calædo then a step advanc'd,
And said, as he at Friendo glanc'd :

I.

“ A year, to-day, were sunder'd cherish'd ties,
Which bound us to our kindly, courtly friend.
A year ! and by another grave we bend,
For she hath follow'd him to Paradise.

2.

Like blooms of early summer rich in Loup,
Their fragrant memories admir'd remain ;
To man, the memory of the just is gain,
And it is bracing by their tomb to stoop.”

IV.

Then Friendo, not unmov'd, replied :
“ In summer, by Loch Tarbertside,
Where land and sea scapes, fair and grand,
Have beautified our native land,
I love to look along Loch Fyne
On waving woods of birch and pine,
On high brown-heath and turfy duns,
And dales endear'd to Celtic sons.

I like to roam 'mong Highland scenes
By sounding and remote ravines,
To saunter in the shade at noon
In hearing of a runlet's croon,
To listen to the blending notes
From feathery palpitating throats,
And 'mid the melody to mark
The lay of linnet, thrush, and lark ;
And wish my Highland cousins well
In urban haunt or dewy dell,
And Scotland, land of hill and flood
And heroes—everything that's good."

V.

The bards were pleased ; their sparkling eyes
Confess'd for them their glad surprise.
They hail'd the hearty, earnest words
Of lover of the braes and birds,
And all that's beautiful in man
In harmony with Nature's plan.
For Scotland's sons, wherever found—
And they are all the earth around—
Know not a spot, though far they roam,
That's dearer than their native home.

The waving bracken of the wild
Will move in them emotion mild ;
And rippling stream, and glistening spray
Suggest that passer-by might stay
To breathe the ether of the breeze,
Where Nature's varied movements please,
By far extending loch and sound,
Where scenes the loveliest abound.

VI.

It was the early summer when
The bards were by the hills again,
Where bold Dunskeig, admir'd, ascends
And lovely West Loch Tarbert ends.
'Twere hard to tell of upland walk,
And sportive, desultory talk,
As Albynind and Britainmore
Look'd on the loch, the braes, and o'er
The hills that crowded on their sight
To many a distant, dizzy height.
Bard Friendo for the day was out,
And boating for Loch Kieran trout ;
And fishing also with his eye
In landscape near, in witching sky ;

And, with his highly cultur'd ear,
For woodnotes wild he loves to hear.
Calædo roam'd by wood and wave
With Laird and Love of Agnedave.
Late primroses and bright bluebells
Bloom'd by them in the swardy dells,
And trees and spreading fields were seen
Around array'd in richest green.
They view'd, in sauntering by the shore,
The shaggy woods of fam'd Dunmore,
Reflected in the glassy brine
Amid a scene that seem'd divine.
Such beauty to this loch is given,
It well might be a bit of Heaven.
As o'er the winding drive they walk'd,
And of their bright surroundings talk'd,
And look'd again on sea and hill,
They felt the momentary thrill
Of joy and pride and gratitude
For scenes so fair and hours so good.
Though long the lingering summer day,
The rovers homewards wend their way
For welcome cheer and needed rest
Whene'er the sun dips in the west.
Nature was winsome in her veil
When Albynind took up the tale.

VII.

Good-bye ! is said with voice and hand,
And wav'd from 'board ship and from land ;
While heart-cords bear unwonted strain—
For “ Maybe we'll ne'er meet again.”
O life ! that dost fond comrades part,
How seemingly unkind thou art.
And yet thou meanest nought but good,
Though cold thy mien, thy manner rude ;
For friends are spared again to meet,
To make their mutual bliss complete.

VIII.

The youth who, on the distant ship
Is silent, or with quivering lip
Speaks to himself of what he's seen
And felt in parting from his kin
And country—for his native shore
Had pass'd from view some days before—
Is earnest, and of purpose true,
With nerve to dare and grit to do.
But let the growing years unfold
The story that by them is told.

IX.

The route by southern Europe, on
By south-west Asia, is one
That tries the traveller who knows
The scenery the journey shows.
Though grandeur draws him to admire,
It does not much his spirit fire,
And moves him not from his intent
To cross with speed the Continent.
But one who for the first time looks
On landscapes, not disclos'd in books,
Day after day, in passing through
Where everything is strange and new,
Is oft observant, and inclin'd
To store up knowledge in his mind
With which to entertain his friends
When happily his journey ends.

X.

The well-train'd youths in Scotland know
The spirit-aiders Patrio,
Truth-El, and Aspiro, and those
Who know them best have fewest foes.

10 Mackinnon and the Bards.

For man has enemies, who move
His spirit evilwards, and prove
A hindrance, even when he would
Be thinking of or doing good.
But in the spirit-aiding three
He has the choicest company.
Such is their influence on mind
And heart, that he becomes refin'd,
And strong to battle for the right,—
They make of him a man of might.

XI.

Our youth acquaintance early made
With Patrio in ferny glade,
Where curling bells of blue made glad
Fleet-footed and light-hearted lad,
And as a memory, whisp'ring, say :
“Let life have annually its May.”
And in the glen, where waters force
Their way adown the rugged course,
On to the brine, that laves the isle,—
Romantic and attractive pile
Of rock, that's rounded to adorn
The sea and shore where he was born,—

And by his loving parents' hearth,
The sweetest spot in all the earth,
Where youthful spirits are inspir'd,
And hearts for deeds of daring fir'd
By stories of the heroes who
Were keen to dare and brave to do.
And he was proud to be a son
Of old heroic Caledon !

XII.

Day oft is pleasant, and the night
Is lighten'd by the starry height.
Since sailing from the Suez shore
The Captain, and at least a score
Of others, courteously inclin'd,
Have friendly been and often kind.

XIII.

As deep'ning shades bring evening on,
He likes to be a while alone,
To meditate, to write, or look
Into a bright instructive book.
And later, by the lower light,
Truth-El is near him to recite :

“ In the beginning God ”—and then
Creation’s story’s heard again.
“ The heavens far-spreading show and laud
The glory and the work of God.”
“ In the beginning was the Word,
The Word was God ere time occurr’d.
The Word was with God, and obey’d :
Without Him not a thing was made.”
“ I am the First ”—from farthest past
To farthest future—“ I am Last.”

XIV.

Clos’d is Truth-El’s commanding page,
That Asp’ro may his thoughts engage :
“ O that Thou would’st bless me indeed,
And with Thy hand from evil lead
And guard, and so that grief may not
Be mine.” An answer good he got.
“ Our Father, which art high in Heaven,
Thy name be hallow’d every even’.
And ever as returns the sun
Thy Kingdom come. Thy will be done
On earth, as it is done Above,
Till mankind Thee and neighbours love.”

XV.

All muster in the best of cheer,
As word goes round : "Bombay is near."
His journey is well over now,
And balmy air is on his brow.
How welcome friendly harbours are,
When on the deep we voyage far !
How penetrating our delight
When haven look'd for long's in sight !
At length, on north-east India's strand,
Mackenzie grasps Mackinnon's hand.

XVI.

When gain'd is boon desir'd for long,
Felt gratitude is unsung song ;
And man hath enter'd earthly bliss,
When melody of heart is his.
And, craving aid and guidance still,
He sets to work with right good will ;
And marks the counsel or command :
"Take care of health in sultry land."

XVII.

Great India ! brave Britons know
Thy plains, through which broad rivers flow
From lofty massive mountain piles,
On, on for twice eight hundred miles ;
Through groves of palm and stately trees,
Where lurk the shade and cooling breeze ;
Through green and highly fruitful vales,
Though desert here and there prevails.
Unknown, as yet, to Albynind,
Are stretches from Bengal to Scinde,
And regions, varied, vast, between
Cashmere and far Cape Comorin.
A wondrous realm, renown'd of old,
A land of glitter and of gold,
And valour !—But we must not wait
The stirring story to relate
Of Lucknow barricaded, sav'd ;
It is on countless hearts engrav'd ;
While Scottish Jessie's "Dinna ye hear ?"
Is buzzing in the Empire's ear.

XVIII.

But linger still we must, to see
The star of India's history.
"Heaven's Light our guide," undimm'd by age,
That softly lumинates the page
With record of the honour given
By Queen of queens to Highest Heaven !
Kaiser-I-Hind, the great white Queen,
Empress of India, is seen
Proclaiming from Her August Throne,
As is Her wont in every zone,
Religious toleration to
The faiths of all Her subjects true.
And yet, with stateliness and grace,
And comely gratitude, She says :
"Relying for Ourselves do We
On the truth of Christianity."
The words inscrib'd with Her own hand,
Which admiration wide command,
Her Gracious Majesty shall crown
For ages with unique renown.
Is it a wonder that, since then,
The Queen's has been a glorious reign !

XIX.

The Hoogly, mighty in its sweep,
Rolls by him daily to the deep ;
For he in great Calcutta lives,
And time to ample business gives.
Though quite outside the social range
Of thousands, to each other strange—
For cold exclusiveness of caste,
And creed and custom, holds them fast—
His firm, by enterprise, obtains
The confidence of all, and gains,
By friendly offices in trade,
Polite regard from every grade.

XX.

In native musings of his mind
Asleep, as when awake inclin'd,
He's on a sound, and by the braes
Familiar from his early days.
A blither beach he has not seen,
Though far o'er ocean he has been,
Than that whereon waves blue and white
Are breaking, in the warm sunlight.

As o'er the loch the steamer scuds
He scarcely hears the paddle-thuds,
So eager is he to survey
Benguillion, fair Kilkerran Bay,
Knock 'Albert, with its turfy dome—
Lov'd landmarks of his Scottish home.
He moves to make an early call,
For comrade trusty, J. M. Hall ;
But morning o'er the dreamer breaks,
And in his bungalow he wakes.

XXI.

The dream has moved his heart and hand,
For much he loves his native strand.
A hearty letter soon is penn'd,
And posted to his couthy friend,
To tell of health and happiness
And of his growing good success.
And he (now owner of Killean)
Who reads, to follow him is fain.
Away o'er oceans too he sails,
Where spices scent the balmy gales ;
And friendship, helpful, warm and true,
And life-long, is between the two.

XXII.

Now see we, in the Indian clime,
 Mackinnon prosperous in his prime.
 Responsibility is his
 That frowns on wooing thoughts of ease ;
 And by lieutenants leal are shar'd
 The labours of the coming Laird,
 Destin'd to live in friendly ring
 With Knight and Marquis,* Duke,† and King,‡
 And kingly men who in the West
 Can wear a decorated breast.

XXIII.

Here Albynind would gladly dwell
 On movements mercantile, and tell—
 Or if the stories give the gist—
 How Merchant-Princes of the East,
 By valour, ample fortunes gain,
 And to celebrity attain ;
 But he can only now relate
 How young Mackinnon grows so great.

* The Most Noble the Marquis of Lorne, K.T., LL.D., M.P.

† His Grace the Duke of Argyll, K.G., LL.D., D.C.L.

‡ His Majesty the King of the Belgians, K.G.

XXIV.

Though under thirty years of age,
His quick, sagacious eye can gauge
The needs of Burma, goods and gold,
For produce rich and manifold.
As Lord Dalhousie's peace has made
The Irrawaddy safe for trade,
An enterprise, that's new, is plann'd ;
A little steamer, ably mann'd,
Is sent well-laden to Rangoon ;
A little second follows soon.
Both welcom'd are in that fair realm,
And fortune favours steam and helm ;
His satisfaction one may guess,
When each in turn is a success.

XXV.

And can one wonder that the mind,
Which has so happily combin'd
With far-extending landward trade
The business by his steamers made,
Should muse upon it and devise
The wider-sweeping enterprise,—

20 Mackinnon and the Bards.

That wondrous stream of traffic which
Spreads near and far from Burman beach,
The news he to his friends conveys.
And, indicating means and ways,
As purses by the score are storm'd,
The British India is form'd.

XXVI.

He is the leader on the sea
And land in eager industry,
And by the Persian Gulf receives
A sweet encomium that is
A mark of honour and regard,
An opportune, deserv'd reward,
As Bartle Frere,—a noble son
Of England, and a champion
Who in befriending slaves delights,—
To Lewis Pelly kindly writes,*
And sketches with a master-hand
This leader on the sea and land.

* “Look out for a little Scotsman, called Mackinnon, who is the mainspring of British enterprise on the Persian Gulf.”—Sir BARTLE FRERE to Sir LEWIS PELLY.



MR. ROBERT



XXVII.

Now he a builder is of ships,
Which quite the little two eclipse,
For heavy-tonnag'd steamers glide,
Into such rivers as the Clyde,
In quick succession, from the yards
To steam, when fitted, oceanwards,
The eyes of owners proud to greet,
And grace the British India fleet.

XXVIII.

He joys to aid, with word and purse,
The workers who weak Missions nurse:
The missionaries who believe
The message they are charg'd to give
To all the men and women, ay,
And children, under every sky.
His faith in Scripture lore is strong,—
In law, in prophecy, and song ;
In narrative, epistle, and
Beside the Book he takes his stand.
It is with pleasure that he gives
Of the abundance he receives,

So that the Word, in many a tongue
Or dialect, may get among
The thousands, going to and fro,
Who do not yet the good news know.

XXIX.

I.

The Brahmins yet may lead
The Hindus back to God,
And teach the Gospel's simple creed,
And with the Christians laud
The Lord of heaven and earth and sea,
Of time and of eternity.

2.

As in the story old
When man created was,
And in the Writings, which unfold
The highest ancient laws ;
The older teaching with the new
May lead to Christ the true Hindu.

3.

Asceticism yet
May, by the earnest mind,
Be turn'd from, as a needless fate,
For penitence to find ;
Pardon and peace are free through Him
Who does mankind from sin redeem.

XXX.

By the Euphrates riders roam,
And seldom have a settl'd home ;
And Albynind thinks he can see
An Arab reading, studiously,
In Book, and in his native tongue,
What Hebrews prophesy'd and sung.
How did the Scriptures find out there
The solitary traveller?
Perhaps he got it when aboard
A British India, and stor'd
It safely 'mong his stuff to read,
When resting by his wearied steed ;
Or may be from the loving hand
Of toiler, in that Bible land,
Who, for Mackinnon, and their Lord,
Gave as a gift the printed Word.

XXXI.

I.

May not the Moslem, with surprise,
Discern how real are the ties
Between him and the Christian true,
Who worships God, the Highest, too ?

2.

By him a hearing may be given
To that commanding voice from Heaven—
This is My Son : to Him attend—
Your Saviour, Teacher, and your Friend.

XXXII.

But there are days of every seven
With hours which may to mirth be given ;
And he is pleas'd when cherish'd friends
Can join him after business ends.
For he has won their warm regard,—
A precious and a priz'd reward,—
By moving them to follow him
In search of what to most's a dream.

They too climatic dangers dare,
And in his high emprises share,
And making hay, while shines the sun,
Each has himself a fortune won.
And glad they are, in sweet accord
Of friendship, round his social board.
For Scotland's sons, when distant from
The cherish'd scenes of early home,
Are happy 'mid the brightness when
They are with trusty friends again.

XXXIII.

His ties to Britain stronger grow,
And home he thinks he ought to go.
And, taking counsel with his kith
And kin, he sails for that fair Frith
To which he breath'd a fond farewell,
When youth-tide's lint was in the bell.
How marvellous the progress here !
How few so soon, in their career,
With fortune gain'd, and fortune still
Awaiting signal of their will,
Can journey home again to stay
Where breezes play with native spray.

XXXIV.

And yet, sagacity aside—
His trusty and instinctive guide—
May Albynind not say that he
Is favour'd by the aiding three ?
Immers'd in business that is great,
He plans with Patrio for the State,—
So well, as Lords of India know,
That should there be to peace a foe
The powerful British India fleet
May be employ'd for his defeat,
And proud the owners are to be
For service ready on the sea.





CANTO SECOND.

THE Bards are happy when they meet
Within a Renfrewshire retreat,
Where leafy boughs, in summer, wave
O'er Laird and Love of Agnedave—
True lovers of the good in life,
Charming as husband and as wife,
And 'mong admiring friends, who prize
The sparkle of their genial eyes.
The pieces play'd : the lyrics sung,
And Friendo's stories, are among
The treasures of the circling year,
Which crystallise in memories dear.
Although it was Calædo's turn
To lead in thought by brae and burn,
He got, in looking round, the hint
To tell his story first in print.

I.

Now come we to the far-fam'd Clyde,
Where comrades of the Bards abide ;
To Glasgow great, that grows apace,
Which stalwarts of the bardic race,—
Scott, Burns, and Campbell, in the square
Adorn, as they are honour'd there.
A thousand living bards are proud
To see them rising from the crowd ;
And tens of thousands of the Scots,
In urban haunts and rural cots,
The breezes that down Ettrick break
In fancy fondle for HIS sake ;
Cast kindly glints, in early morn,
At star that marks Ayr's love forlorn ;
And proudly on the ocean name
The Bard of "glorious standard" fame.
Calædo loves the hilly west,
Where from a mountain's brow, or breast,
He can the rural scenes survey,
Around him near, and far away ;
And muse, amid the bracing air,
On what in life is bright and fair.

II.

To man there comes a blither time
Than even that when, in his prime,
He eager is from year to year,
And happy as he gathers gear.
It is the time of early love
When brightness is around, above,
And in the eyes of each of two
In love, who mutually woo.
And surely it is fullest bliss
When travell'd Scot can add to this
By winning as his happy bride
A damsel of his countryside,—
For he was born by Cross-cave Isle,
And she, by Holy Loch, Argyll.

III.

Rejoice when sunny is the sky,
And clear o'erhead's the azure high ;
When balmy breezes by you glide,
And you are on the westward Clyde.
But you must be by Brodick Bay
To see the mountain slope away
Majestically from the stream,
Where one alone might doze and dream.

IV.

Calædo muses on a turn
 He had by Rosa's limpid burn.
 A Caledonian, cultur'd, kind,
 On learning that he was inclin'd
 To ramble o'er the lonely glen
 At foot of craggy peak and ben,
 Surrounding Goat Fell's famous height,
 The youthful mountaineer's delight,
 Convoy'd him. At the wicket-gate
 The way to heaven he took elate.
 And what his happy musings were,
 While leisurely proceeding there,
 One may surmise when, by the rills,
 He sang of heather and the hills ;
 And seated by lav'd granite sand,
 "O God of Bethel ! by whose hand."

V.

Now are we in the winding Kyles,
 The inner passage to the Isles,
 The shelter'd and romantic route
 By Cowal bold, and green isle Bute.
 Who has not wish'd to turn aside
 By dark Loch Striven's stretching tide,

To rest where wood and water charm
By fair Loch Ridden's winsome arm ?
But through the narrows on we run
Till Tighnabruaich's dual dun—
A graceful and commanding height—
And deck'd Dunuaich are in sight.

VI.

On board the stately steamer two
Are happy to be passing through,
Where old familiar scenes, so dear,
Come into view and disappear,
A lover, courtlier, can not
Be found in all the Land of Scott,
And gentlier lady than his spouse
Lives not in western mansion-house.
It is a proud day in the life
Of gallant husband, loving wife,
For he is laird of stream and hill,
And she is queen of Balinakill.

VII.

As they approach the Tarbert pier,
Familiar music greets his ear ;
Not much attention to it's paid
Until a stirring "Welcome" 's play'd.

Though scann'd are braes of heathy height,
No Highland pipers are in sight,
And yet the pibroch is the strain,
" Mackinnon's welcome home again."
And as the notes about them pour,
They step upon his native shore,
With gladness and with grateful pride,
And drive by West Loch Tarbertside,
Through lovely woods, by purest foam,
To Balinakill, their Highland home.

VIII.

And can one wish him greater joy
Than to be near where, when a boy,
He little thought what years would do
For him,—if many or if few,—
To be the owner of the land
He lives on, by his native strand ;
To daily greet returning morn,
Nigh by the place where he was born ?
And, kinder even than before,
They give of what they have in store
In aid of services that should
To many be the means of good.

IX.

Now business great is daily done,
Where streets into each other run ;
And energies are long engag'd,
Where warfare mercantile is wag'd.
While here and there, a merchant prince,
Admir'd and honour'd, will evince
How he enjoys ascending still
The higher rounds of fortune's hill.
His faithful far-off agents he
Can with a ready fancy see
Devoting talents, time and toil,
To gain and guard commercial spoil.
A steamer, under skill'd command,
Is at, or rounding well-known land,
Or on the ocean, homeward bound,
Careering like a fleet greyhound.
Mackinnon often is the man,
A watchful leader, in the van ;
From Thames or Clyde, or Balinakill,
Directing great emprises still.
For Era, call'd " Victorian,"
Shows one, the electrician,
Who over land, through ocean too,
Great wonders with a wire can do.

X.

But there will come across the sky
Of life, a cloud, the man to try,
Who, having high position won,
Is in the shine of fortune's sun.
The shading passes quite away,
Upon him beams the brighter day ;
For God and high-toned principle
Have buttress'd him from threaten'd ill,
And with him, cares and joys to share,
Are J. M. Hall and Bartle Frere.
Among the many who rejoice
With him, Calædo has a voice
That pleases, through Killean's good-will,
Esteem'd, belov'd, kind Balinakill.





CANTO THIRD.

THE bards, although they love Argyll's
Hill-guarded lochs and ocean-isles,
Where rover's health is kept in tone
By breezes charged with sea-ozone ;
Know well that life for business men
Means often mental stress and strain,
Where magnates gather, and command
The commerce of a mighty land.
In London, far from Scotia's shore,
The tale's resum'd by Britainmore.

I.

United England, Wales, and Man,
Ireland, and Scotland, in the van
Of progress, national, benign,
At home and o'er the heaving brine.

Your sons and daughters should rejoice
In heritage that's great and choice,
For not a country on the earth
Excels the kingdom of their birth.
Your shipping proudly ploughs the deep,
The outward bound, the homeward, keep
For them and theirs throughout the world
Where'er the Union Jack's unfurl'd,
Strong every tie that's firmer made
By mutual friendliness in trade.
What steamers! what gigantic ships!
How they the "wooden walls" eclipse
In comfort, stateliness, and speed,
And peaceful influences feed.

II.

Already Albynind has told
Of land of glitter and of gold.
The British India chiefs alone
A wondrous weight of tonnage own.
Their steamers counted are by scores,
And ply by all East Indian shores.
The officers and men, with pride,
Command and steer them far and wide.

The agents, station'd leagues apart,
Press business on with hand and heart ;
And leaders, under many skies,
Direct the whole with enterprise.

III.

Now Britainmore a steamer sees
Careering 'mid a stiffish breeze
That deeply moves the ocean vast,
And strains the tight and towering mast.
Behind is left, far in the west,
Ceylon,—the Island of the blest,
When earnest Buddhists know and teach
The Gospel that the Christians preach ;
When simple faith and simple rite
And Christian living shall unite
In great good-will, that's free from guile,
The dwellers on the spicy isle.—
It is a British India bound
For Brisbane, by a Queensland Sound,
There to connect with steamers which,
In course, the southern harbours reach.

IV.

Sir Edwyn Dawes may relate
How eager, at a later date,
Sir William is to make the round
Where scions of the Scots abound.
Experienced pioneer, he knows
How disappointed oft are those
Who count on rains, in sunny clime,
Which do not always come in time,
The flocks to water, and to save
The fields of clover which should wave
Before the happy farmer's eye,
Whene'er a breeze is passing by.
But when the elements are timed,
And to the rich sheep-farmer's mind,
Though streams and rivers be in spate,
He is among his flocks elate.
Mackinnon sees the Land of Wool
With harbours grandly beautiful ;
The El Dorado, where the bold
And brave have made their piles of gold.
Let great good-will in all enhance
The wide Australian advance,
And labour, virtue, and content,
With blitheness, bless the Continent.

In Melbourne's stately city he
Is in congenial company,
For, living by a pleasant grove,
Are sons of Alexander Love,
His friend : a visitor for years,
Where cosy Clachan's smoke appears
Ere vanishing by sea or hill,—
At mansion'd home of Balinakill.

V.

Time passes till the Queensland line
And the Australian combine ;
And, as the story must be brief,
Mackinnon is their chosen chief.
If proud the Chairman-Chief to be
Of his first love, the Company
Which prov'd his organising pow'r,
The very Briton for the hour ;
If one in fancy mind may read,
The honour makes him proud indeed.

VI.

This Scottish prince of mighty fleets
His Highness Sultan Barghash meets,
Where favour'd high advisers are,
When he's again at Zanzibar.

This visit to the Sultan's Court
Is one of very high import.
In earnest converse each unbends,
And cordially they part as friends.

VII.

You've climb'd Ben Nevis ! but if not,
To mount the lofty Ben you ought,
Whene'er the giant's crown is bare,
And clear is the Lochaber air.
As you ascend, the prospect wide
Shows loveliness on every side.
The famed lochs Linnhe, Aber, Eil,
At once their varied charms reveal ;
And groups of mountain peaks appear
Above the Cona,—river dear
To bards of Scotia for the sake
Of sleeper none of them can wake.
The voices of the Cona can
The praises sing of Ossian.
But suddenly a veil is drawn
Around the mountain you are on ;
And spreading landscapes, ere you wist
Are hidden from you by the mist.

VIII.

Mackinnon's on the highest height
Of progress, and a wondrous sight
Of regions, long enslav'd, set free,
It is his privilege to see.
A realm, down-trodden, long has call'd
To Heaven to be disenthralld.
There is no thought of threaten'd blow,
Nor any military show ;
No demonstration of the Fleet,
And yet an empire's at his feet ;
For Providence has brought the hour
In offer to the British Power.
The prospect, gladdeningly fair,
Is hidden in the London air,
As the Concession he secur'd
In Eastern Africa's obscur'd,
Till European breezes blow,
And senior British school-boys know
That, in the chilling fog or frost,
East Africa is all but lost.
Not altogether, though, for he,
This leader on the land and sea,
With Britain's Ministers is glad
To claim the stretch that can be had

42 Mackinnon and the Bards.

By him, and by his trusty friends.
And as the Eastern scramble ends,
It is with joy Mackinnon sees
That broad Ibea British is,
And evermore, he trusts, shall be
A land of "Light and Liberty."

SONG OF FREEDOM, JOY, PEACE.

I.

IN Central Africa the breeze—
A bearer oft of moans—
In rushing by and o'er the trees,
Has music in its tones;

For from the villages the strains
Of song from natives rise,
As hope a hold of them obtains
And brightens up their eyes ;

And workers in the country round
Tell out their feelings warm,
For they deliverance have found
From chronic ill—alarm ;



And bold canoers as they skim
Along the water's face,
Are chanting earnestly a hymn
And thus their joy express :*—

2.

“ The great, great kingdoms of the North,
Beyond the stretching sea,
Have from their Councils issued forth
A merciful decree—

“ ‘That raids of slavers must be stayed,
That slavery must cease,’
And they are ready with their aid
That we may live in peace.

* On learning of “the General Act of the Brussels Conference” for the suppression of slavery in Africa, “and the Declaration annexed to it,” which has been signed by seventeen European Powers, as advocated by diplomatists, and, on 4th and 6th December 1890, in the columns of the *Scotsman*, by Sir William Mackinnon, the Chairman of the Imperial British East Africa Company, and Mr Silva White, the Secretary of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

“ And safety shall be ours for long,
To till and tread the ground,
And freedom from the crying wrong—
Our sons and daughters bound,

“ And pulled or pressed away from home,
From all that man holds dear,
To find afar an alien tomb,
Or an existence drear.

“ O joy, O joy ! O Europe great,
That bringeth things to this :
To us, of high or low estate,
A simple life of bliss.

“ We shall be free to culture fruits,
And ample harvests have ;
To follow, fearless, our pursuits,
And never one a slave.

“ O joy ! for this the White Man* pled,
And hoped with heart elate,
Until, in pleading, from us fled
His spirit, good and great.

* Livingstone.

“ For this, by mighty lake and flood,
 Bula Matari* longed.
Who shares our best blood-brotherhood,
 And witnessed we were wronged.

“ O joy ! ours is a goodly land ;
 And though there yet may be
A battle with the callous band
 Who hate the new decree ;

“ Malignant slavers who are caught
 Attempting reckless raid,
A telling lesson shall be taught
 Till Europe be obeyed.

“ O joy ! Praise to the white man’s God,
 Who moved those far away
To free us from the loathsome load—
 The slaver’s crushing sway.

“ Guarded and free, in peace and health,
 Our gratitude we’ll show ;
And Europeans by our wealth
 And we shall richer grow.”

* Stanley.

3.

Grand British precedent ! for years
Brave Wilberforce appealed
To people, Commoners and Peers,
This birthright boon to yield—

“Full freedom to the negro slaves
To choose their mode of toil,
Where'er the Flag of glory waves
That signals ‘British soil’ !”

The ransom price he deemed as dust :
He was a man of might :
He knew their clamant claims as just,
And urged to “do the right.”

And moral suasion rose in power,
Like some resistless sea,
Till Time, in turning, struck the hour,
And every slave was free !

IX.

Commander Stanley, brave and bold,
In *Darkest Africa*, has told
The story, how the Chairman-Chief,
Who plann'd the Wadelai relief,
Was, with the Prince of Egypt's aid,
Successful in the move he made.
And history's informing page
Shall speak the praise, from age to age,
Of enterprising, truly great
Mackinnon, British baronet ;
While Stanley's daring shall command
The wonderment of every land.

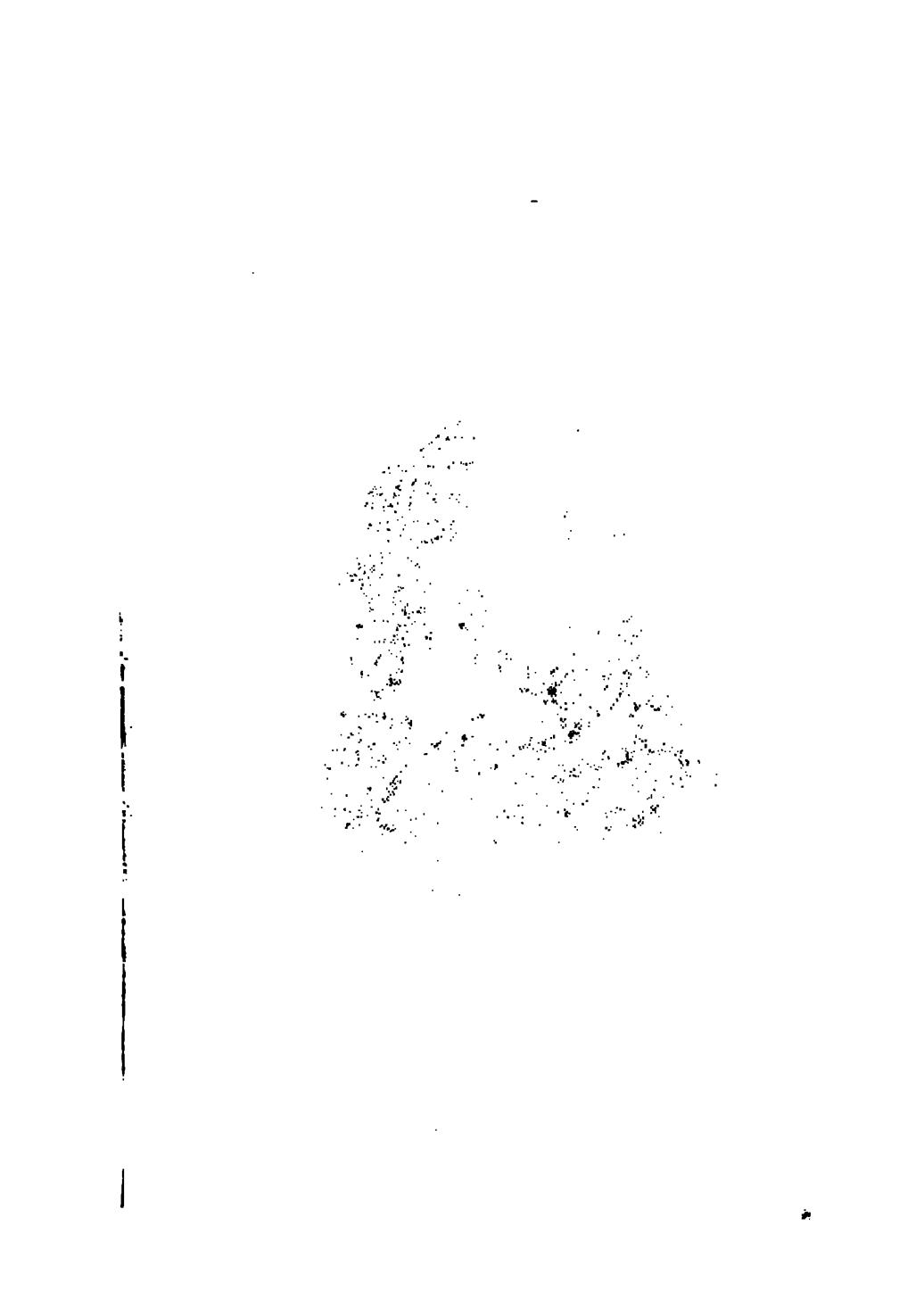
X.

George S. Mackenzie, Briton, who
Proves patient, plucky, wise and true
In all the stirring incidents
Of freed Ibea's first events,
With General Matthews, C.M.G.,
Sets **FOURTEEN-TWENTY-TWO** slaves free,
On New Year's Day, eighteen-eight-nine,—
Act that has in it touch divine,—
Will tell how heartily his hands
Are strengthen'd by his Chief's commands.

XI.

And though East African affairs
Have disappointed Britishers
Who cherish patriotic views,
And do not mind although they lose
A little, at the urgent call
Of movement that is national,
And civilisingly benign ;
Those may, as patriots, repine
Who, with true bravery have fought
A British battle, all unsought,
And cannot, though they listen, hear
A ringing House of Commons cheer.

Great Britain ! wash'd by every sea,
On every ocean known ;
With peoples, happy, leal, and free,
Around one cherish'd Throne ;
Who join in sentiment like this—
Throughout the Queen's domains—
“ Good-will, prosperity, and peace,
Where'er Victoria reigns.”







CANTO FOURTH.

CALÆDO'S glad to have the praise
Of brother bards, who list his lays ;
But frequently to them unknown
He croons his stanzas all alone,—
Yet not alone : the kindly Muse
Will with him lines like these peruse.

I.

Now Loup is in the highest cheer,
For Henry Morton Stanley's near,
And proud he is to be the host
Of him who sought the traveller lost ;
The missionary pioneer,
Brave Livingstone, to Scotland dear.
Through jungle dense and swampy ground
The searcher sought until he found
The lost one by an inland sea,
And succour'd him at Ujiji.

II.

Time passes over Loup. Again
Henry M. Stanley's on the main,
Long'd for by Equatoria,
And northern Ruwenzoria.
When he has rested on the way,
There comes to both a brilliant day
For, in Edina—"darling seat"—
They at the Geographic meet,
And welcom'd are, 'mid warm applause,
By friends of every noble cause.
And they are glad,—are grateful to
The Power, who brought the leader through
The struggles and the trials sore,
Which Stanley marvellously bore.

III.

Again. It is St Andrew's night.
He is the leader in the light
That beams on nobles, gallant sons
Of Caledonia ; the ones
Who service high have seen afar,
Wherever British interests are ;

And Scottish sons, with homes at hand,
Who have not left the British land.
The little Scotsman-Chief is proud
To see the patriotic crowd ;
The decorated breasts which bring
Brightness to board of banqueting.
The pibroch he is pleas'd to hear
Loud-sounding, sonorous, and clear ;
The rousing notes that thrill the Celt,
If he for long abroad has dwelt.
The brilliant scene he much enjoys.
The very tartan has a voice,
That speaks of hill and heath and clan,
And warms this noble Highlandman.

IV.

It is suggestive, is it not ?
That this far-seeing, trusty Scot,
Who wishes Scotia only good,
Its youth enduring hardihood ;
Should urge, with earnest voice and pen,
His patriotic countrymen,
To keep the Bible in the school :
The teacher of the "Golden Rule,"

52 Mackinnon and the Bards.

And words of wisdom, guidance, grace,
Most worthy of the foremost place
In every code that's meant to aid
In leading to the highest grade,
The nation, individual,
And family, of high morale ;
The movement, led for many years
By one of Scotland's foremost Peers,
Is rounding with the fairest fame
Balfour of Burleigh's noble name.

V.

Now Jura, with each well-mark'd height,
From Paps to base is robed in white.
The trees around his home are bare,
Save where the spruce spikes pierce the air.
His lady and her friends rejoice,
For winter's is a homely voice,
That calls the cottar and the lord
To join the evening social board.
And, as the light begins to wane
He's happy with his friend Killean,
And nephews, who are not away
By great Bengal's majestic Bay.
And sweeter than ought else we know,
Is converse, when the lights are low,

Between fond friends, who, far away,
Together breasted life's steep brae,
And who, with nuggets in each hand,
Have honour done their native land.
For not by easy stages are
The heights of fortune climb'd afar.

VI.

In the "Cornelia" he roves
By promontories, creeks, and coves ;
And by the lochs, and bens, and isles—
Great Inverness', grand Argyll's—
And often does his genial eye
Turn to Columba's Isle of Hy,
Where, taking Truth-El by the hand,
The missionaries leapt to land,
The fire of Scripture faith to light,
And dissipate the landward night.

VII.

There's not a more attested book
Than Truth-El's Gospel of Saint Luke.
Evangelists, the Fathers too,
Have graphically proved it true.

And earnest readers of it will
The Bible deem reliable.
Calædo here is fain to quote
Some sentences which sound the note
That growing millions love to hear,
In story to the wide-world dear—

I.

“ And there were in the same country*
Shepherds abiding in the field,
Keeping watch over their flock by night.
And lo, the Angel of the Lord
Came upon them,
And the glory of the Lord
Shone round about them :
And they were sore afraid.

2.

“ And the Angel said unto them,
Fear not : for, behold, I bring you
Good tidings of great joy,
Which shall be to all people.
For unto you is born this day
In the city of David
A Saviour, which is Christ the Lord.

* * * *

* Of Bethlehem.

3.

“ And suddenly there was with the Angel
A multitude of the heavenly host
Praising God, and saying,
Glory to God in the highest,
And on earth peace,
Good will toward men.”

VIII.

The clan is proud of him as Laird
Of heathy, wave-beat, wild Strathaird.
And in the strath, and round the shore,
Wayfarers meet his colporteur ;—
The Scotch evangelist who bears
The Gospel to the cottagers,
In printed page, in spoken word,
In pack, that's plentifully stor'd
With what is lovely, true, and pure,
In choice and cheapen'd literature.

IX.

Perhaps the rarest of his joys
Is seeing scenes, where other boys
And he had sported and were taught,
While walking round his stately yacht.
Regard for her who, by his side,
Has brighten'd life on land and tide
Leads him to make by their abode
The path that is The Lady's Road.





CANTO FIFTH.

CALÆDO but a glance can cast
At the most honourable past ;
And in continuing the tale
By briny loch, and heathy dale,
He must, in doing so, dispense
With the familiar present tense.

I.

By such a doughty British son
His C.I.E. was nobly won.
For steamers of his splendid fleet
Were built emergencies to meet,
And guard, by Government's behests,
The Indian Empire's interests.
While yet untilt'd he was great,
And worthy to be baronet.
And when at Windsor he was seen,
And honour'd by our gracious Queen,

The Royal favour touch'd his heart,
As when the clouds of heaven part,
The sun and balmy blue to show,
And wrap us in the genial glow.
And when the Duke of his own shire
Bade him, as D.L., step up higher,
He stood, we may be sure, with pride
And pleasure by His Grace's side.
And when Lord Salisbury declar'd,
As Glasgow's listening thousands heard,
That he, philanthropist of nerve,
Did 'mong them highest praise deserve,
The words of the Prime Minister*
Most hon'ring to Sir William were.

* The Marquis of Salisbury (K.G.), when presented with the Freedom of the City, at a great gathering of the Citizens of Glasgow, gave a noble Address on Peace, Regard for International Rights, and One Voice as representative of Britain and the Empire in all foreign affairs. His Lordship referred to the African Companies,—the Royal Niger Company, the South African Company, and (as reported in the *Glasgow Herald* of 21st May 1891) said—“Well, there is the third Company of your countryman, Sir William Mackinnon—(applause)—whose enterprise and philanthropic determination deserve to be mentioned with honour in any audience, especially in a Scottish audience. . . . It is far more purely philanthropic than any of the other undertakings. Its great object, I believe, has been to deal a deadly blow at the slave trade—(cheers).” . . .

30 Old Burlington St
London Jan 1 1911

My dear Sir

I am much obliged
by your note of 26 May.
and by your kindly reference
to Lord Salisbury's mention
of me in his speech at Glasgow

Yours very truly
W. Mackinnon

II.

Calædo, on a summer day,
Descended Clachan's breezy brae,
And saunter'd to the old kirkyaird,
To sacred spot where is interr'd
All that was mortal of the two
Who happy life, benignant, knew.
And in the church, beside the firs,
Where they had long been worshippers,
He join'd in psalm, and well-known strain,
That brought his boyhood back again,
For parents, and grandparents too,
That very psalm, that music knew,
When D. MacNab and H. MacNeill
Were preachers near the Castle Hill.
The text was chosen by MacRae
From prayer that teacheth how to pray :
The theme—that likeness might be given
In life on earth to life in heaven.
And ere the worshippers retir'd,
By earnest service re-inspir'd ;
Apart from sound or show of art,
“Amen” said each responsive heart.

Within the church at Olney, where
Newton and Cowper join'd in prayer,
Calædo, though a northerner,
One Sunday was a worshipper,
The cultur'd vocal music might
Have mov'd an angel, in his flight,
To hover o'er the Ouse to hear
The praise that charmed his tuneful ear.
And yet, a simpler service is
Most pleasing unto Him who sees
And hears, as elder and as youth,
“Worship in spirit and in truth.”
Let Scots unite, far o'er the foam,
At worship, as they did at home,
In singing, by a pine or palm,
A plaintive or majestic psalm.
This is the best “langsyne” we know ;
It brings around the heart a glow
That warms it towards all that's grand
And worthiest in fatherland.
Prayer, singing, teaching, mark'd the eve,
When Christ His lov'd ones had to leave.
And lighten'd was that night of gloom
By service in the Upper Room,—
So solemn, sacred, simple, sweet,
The heart the ritual made complete.

III.

With reverence be it mention'd here,
That he, the friend of king and peer,
Who faith of Buddhist and Hindu,
And of Santal and Moslem knew,
Remain'd devoted to the Truth,—
Which happ'ly touch'd his heart in youth,—
He claim'd for it commanding ring—
Clear, full—as given by the King
Who is, as Holy Writ records,
The King of kings and Lord of lords.

IV.

By harbour-loch and dual beach,
And westward sea, that disappears
In the Atlantic Ocean, which
Unites the Hemispheres ;

Beside a neck of loamy land,
And braes, where loyal Scots abide ;
An almost tideless Bay of sand,
The favour'd natives' pride,—

Where billows, rushing from unrest,
With beauty fringe the golden shore ;
Where many a Machrihanish guest
Enjoys the rolling roar ;—

Amid such scenes of land and sea,
Surrounding old Dalruhadhain,
The boy was born who rose to be
A prince 'mong mighty men.

By industry and rectitude
And worth he gain'd an honoured name ;
By foresight, zeal and fortitude
He won enduring fame.



“Sir Bartle Frere, Sir Lewis Pelly, General Sir Donald Stewart, General Sir Arnold Kembal, General Sir R. Murdoch Smith, and every Indian of note, all recognised in Sir William Mackinnon not only a man of genuine impulses, but one of the shrewdest, most enterprising, energetic, and far-seeing of civilians that ever entered India. . . . He lived not for himself, but whatever form his many-sidedness took, he always worked for some high and worthy object, either philanthropic or patriotic. His inner circle will mourn him as an irreparable loss, and his countrymen will always remember him as a brave Scot of indomitable will and high principle, who was philanthropic, patriotic, and imperial-minded.”—*The Scotsman* of 23rd June 1893.



A Greeting to Gennyson.





A Greeting to Gennyson.

I.

GREAT SINGER ! Leader of the choir
Of choristers, throughout our Isles,
Who sing to multiply our smiles,
To brighten life and lift it higher ;
Who love the country of their birth,
And prize its freedom and its Throne,
And loyally are proud to own
There's not a greater on the earth.

II.

If one may, from a northern shore,
In stanza-form, familiar, speak
To poet on the very peak
Of fame, and eighty years and more ;

I reverently would venture near,
Admire the laurels thou hast won,
And join the million-voiced “Well done!”
Amid a great far-sounding cheer.

III.

The wish sincere is not in vain,
'Tis good that it should be express'd,
For in a willing ear confess'd,
It changeth into cherished gain ;

For generations may the springs
Of poesy which round thee rise—
Streams which thy works complete com-
prise—
Be haunts of peasants, squires, and kings.

IV.

The *In Memoriam* should lead
Our mourners into spirit calm,
And *Enoch Arden* furnish balm
For wounded lovers as they read ;

68 A Greeting to Tennyson.

While “here and there a lusty trout,”
Of stanza, sonnet, and of song,
Your Poems’ praises should prolong,
Till limpid verse is dried by drought.

V.

Within the heart, in quiet thought,
And with the upward-glancing eye,
To One who reigns above our sky,
Yet orders and controls our lot,—

The Englishman, the Welsh, the Manx,
The artless Irishman, the Scot,
Say as a Christian kingdom ought,
“For Alfred Tennyson, our thanks!”



FARRINGFORD,
FRESHWATER,
ISLE OF WIGHT.

LORD TENNYSON begs to thank Mr John
M'Taggart cordially for his greeting, which
gave him pleasure.

Feb. 11/91.



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